THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

Women are not permitted by law to speak at political meetings in Germany, and Frau Simon, of Berlin, was recently stopped by the Chief of Police from reading a paper before the German Society of Social Reform at a meeting held in Cologne.

The market for paintings in oil is so stagnant that many artists of good reputation despair of ever again making a living by the sale of their work. The demand for water colors, however, is constant, works of this class being sold readily when purchasers for oils cannot be found.

The Philadelphia Record asserts that there is no doubt that any business man who advertises persistently in a respectable newspaper achieves a standing in the community which he could not reach in any other way. The character of a newspaper influences the popular conception of the advertiser.

It is told of an East Indian law student that he once threw his examiners into confusion by declaring matrimony to be an illegal state. "How so? How so?" he was asked by the perturbed examiners, many of them married men. The student smiled beatifically. "Marriage," quoth he, "is a lottery, and lotteries are forbidden by law."

Our seacoast defenses are half finished, according to Brigadier-General Gillespie's annual report, and twenty-five of the principal harbors have enough heavy guns mounted to secure an effective resistance to naval attack. General Gillespie recommends an appropriation of $7,425,000 for the coming year. The coast defenses when completed will have cost $50,000,000.

Berlin papers tell of a ridiculous instance of superstition which has come to light in connection with the appointment by the Berlin municipality of a commission of poor law guardians. After their appointment the members of the commission discovered that their number was thirteen, whereupon they resigned en bloc. The press stigmatizes the conduct of the commission as a disgrace to the German capital.

Professor Hilprecht, the Babylonian explorer, lecturing upon his discoveries at Nippur, tells of one which shows that the women of that famous town and those of the present day are "sisters under their skin." He says: "Beside the coffins, in tombs that we found, were jars containing jewels, trinkets and belongings of the dead. There were paints in these jars, too, for the dead women. For these ancients believed that the departed one would need toilet articles to enable her to keep up appearances on her spiritual journey."

Freight trains have been so much lengthened through the increased capacity of the big locomotives now employed in hauling them that a new problem has been introduced into railroading, namely, a demand for an effective means of holding intelligible communication between the engineer and conductor. The Railway Age facetiously recommends the construction of "a narrow-gauge track on top of the train, on which a light trolley car could rapidly convey their train officials in their business trips between the rear and front end."

Since the annexation of Orange River Colony by the British the cause of education is said to have advanced there greatly. Over one-third more children are now receiving instruction in the public schools that have been established there than were in attendance at the Free State schools before the war. The British Government has found it necessary to send nearly 300 English and Canadian teachers to the colony to supply the demand. Besides these a number of Dutch girls have been taken there from Holland, with the consent of the Dutch Government, to act as interpreters.

The constitutional independence of the Isle of Man is an interesting feature of British imperial rule. The Governor of the island is regarded as the successor of the kings and lords of Man, who ruled as absolute monarchs until the sixteenth century. He prorogues and dissolves the House of Keys. He is president of the Legislative Council (Upper House) and Tynwald Court (both branches of the legislature in session as one), and can vote on the proceedings and interfere in the debates. He can initiate both legislation and taxation, is Captain-General of the Manx military forces, has the sovereign's right to pardon, and, in short, has almost as many prerogatives as a czar.

THE FELLOW WHO FIGHTS ALONE.

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a word of cheer,
With never a friend his help to lend,
With never a comrade near—
'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand
And a heart not given to moan—
He struggles for life and more than life,
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the world alone
With never a father's smile,
With never a mother's kindly tone
His sorrowful hours to guile,
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day
And battles till light is flown,
Must needs be strong, for the fight is long,
The fellow who fights alone!

Ah, bitter enough the combat is
With every help at hand,
With friends at need to bid godspeed,
With spirits that understand;
But fiercer far is the fight to one
Who struggles along unknown—
Oh, brave and grim is the heart of him,
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone,
And arm his soul with strength!
Till safely out of the battle rout
He conquering comes at length,
Till far and near into every ear
The fame of his fight is blown,
Till friend and foe in the victor know
The fellow who fights alone!

—Denis A. McCarthy, in the New York Sun.

A String Of Pearls.

A Complete Short Story.

BY M. FRASER.

"A YOUNG lady to see you, Mr. Denvers."

Ralph Denvers, the head of the great banking firm of Brandon & Denvers, looked up from the pear he was peeling, but no hint of the surprise he felt at his butler's announcement was allowed to creep into his face.

"I am not expecting anyone, Harris," he said, quietly. "It is a mistake, probably. Did she send in any name?"

"She would not give her name, sir; she was very persistent or I would not have troubled you, sir; she seems in distress."

"In distress? What is she like, Harris?"

It was a listless question; he was absolutely without curiosity concerning the appearance of this stray young person who sought an audience of him, but it was lonely in this oak paneled dining room of the great house in which he lived, and it was more for the sake of talking to somebody that he detained Harris now.

Ralph Denvers had more dinner invitations than he could accept, but at thirty-three he was given to telling himself that the dinners eaten at other men's tables were too heavily paid for in the toll of epigrammatic conversation that was exacted of the guest who would justify the reason of his appearance in the brilliant set in which Ralph Denvers moved. Ralph was just a little tired of brilliancy.

"She is very young, sir; a child, almost," Harris broke in upon his reflections. "A lady, I should say," and he added beneath his breath, "pretty as a picture."

It may be that Ralph heard him.

"Show her in," he said, briefly; "I may as well see what she wants."

Harris disappeared, and presently his place was taken by a slim slip of a girl, who stared at the man who rose at her entrance with a pair of frightened eyes. Ralph Denvers saw the eyes, and his glance wandered to the quivering, smiling mouth.

"You wish to see me?" he said. "Won't you sit down?"

The girl sank into the chair he offered her, and sat there, clasping and unclasping her fingers in an agony of nervousness.

"Well," he said to her, and there was a note of encouragement in his voice. "Is it very difficult to tell?"

It was more difficult than he knew. Aline Tempest rose to her feet and stood with her hand resting on the tablecloth.

"It is hard," she said, "but I must say it. I came to say it. It's about Dick, my brother, you know."

She stopped and looked at him, and he looked at her. How was he to know about Dick?

"He never meant to do it," she went on, and drew a step nearer to him: "there were men outside who tempted him, and he was young, and we had so little, and he hoped to make a fortune for me. You see I was to blame; it was all for me."

"Were you anxious for a fortune?" said Ralph, looking at the quaint little figure in the quaint, unfashionable gown, and then at the lovely, childish face.

"I wanted nothing," she said, "and I did not guess until it was too late. You see, it has been so different since father—went."

The under lip trembled, and a tear gathered and fell, and Ralph Denvers stared steadily at the painted pheasant on his dessert plate.

"I should like to hear all about it," he said. "Please sit down again and tell me what is your name—and Dick's."

"I am Aline Tempest," she said, simply, conquering her emotion with an effort that commanded his admiration, "and when father died Senator Mandeville got Dick into your bank. He was going into the law, you know, but it had to be given up with the other things. It was all very altered for him, and I am afraid," with a little watery smile, "that he did not like the bank. But it gave us money to live on, and I meant to teach when I got pupils. I haven't got any yet—it seems every one can teach something. And Dick grew tired, and these men came to him, and there was some horse that was going to make a fortune for all of them."

"We have heard of that horse before," said Ralph, and then was ashamed of his jest.

"Have you?" said Aline. "We never had. They persuaded him, and Dick—oh, how could he do it?—took money from the bank; a little at first, and afterward a great deal. It isn't known yet, but to-morrow it will be known. They've given him money to get off with, and he's going to England to-morrow from Boston. He must go, I suppose, or else something worse will happen. But I hated him to go like that, and I thought if I brought you these—they're mother's pearls, the only thing of hers they let me keep—and I thought they would help to pay something, and perhaps you won't let it be known to-morrow."

She handed him the pearls as she spoke and Ralph took them in his hand. A short string, worth, perhaps, $500 if the full value were given, and this child's mother had worn them. He looked at them and wondered what he should do, and a timid hand was laid on his arm.

"Isn't it enough?" said Aline. "Oh, I don't know how much it was, but they will help a little. And will you keep them and let me go home and tell Dick that he need not go? And afterward, when I get work, I can pay it back—all of it."

"I will keep them."

Ralph Denvers stood up and slipped the chain in his pocket.

"I will keep them," he said again, "and you can go home and tell Dick that he must come into my room at the bank to-morrow."

What made him do it, he, Ralph Denvers, cynical man of the world, given to jesting doubt over such vague words as faith and charity, given to denying the hope that has led men to stumble on so long? What made him do it? It may be that he knew even then. And when she was gone he stood and called himself a fool for his pains, and it was perhaps as well he did not see the girl he had befriended sink down before an empty chair in an empty room and weep her heart out because Dick was already gone.

Ralph took up the invitations on his mantel shelf. He had all that evening before him—Where should he go? He put them down again and paced the room. What was this thing he had just heard? It had sounded simple enough, but it may be that it meant a big thing. Those men outside sounded ominous, what if they were also going to England to-night?

Hastily snatching up a list of sailing steamers he saw that a steamer was due to leave Boston at dawn. His mind flew to ways and means; to get down there to-night a man must go by the 10 o'clock from the Grand Central. He looked at his watch and found, to his relief, that he had time and to spare. Why should he not profit by the information he had received to be his own detective? And if only Dick Tempest were there why should he not bring him back to the sister whose heart he was going to break? She must not be allowed to weep any more—that pretty child who had come to him in her dark hour.

It promised a little more excitement than an evening spent in listening to a singer whose repertoire he knew by heart. He went upstairs and changed into a lounge suit, and, with a coat over his arm, he walked quietly out of the house in West Seventy-second street and had himself driven to the Forty-second street station.

He knew who they were now. They were Richard Tempest's children, and he remembered that old Senator Mandeville had said something to him about looking after the lad. But when one is good looking, popular and thirty-three, what time is there for looking after stray boys? Ralph had seen young Tempest once, and had asked him how he liked the bank, and had not waited to hear his answer, and straightway had gone away and forgotten that he was in the world. He wondered if he should know him again as his cab pulled up at the main entrance of the railroad station.

It was early yet, and the platform was not overcrowded. Ralph walked the length of the train and saw no one who was likely to be Dick Tempest. He went to the ticket office and got himself a ticket; it might be necessary to go to Boston, it was just possible he had caught an earlier train. He walked up and down scanning the faces of those who passed him with keen, leisurely glance. The time sped, the moment of farewells came, and Ralph was wondering if he had thrown his evening away, when suddenly he saw him. Dick Tempest came quickly down the platform, a small handbag for all his luggage, surely a poor outfit for a trip to Europe. The train was on the point of starting, and Ralph was the last person in the world to desire "a scene." He stepped out to meet the lad coming toward him.

"Ah, Tempest," he said, pleasantly, "I thought you were not coming. I have a stateroom."

Dick Tempest looked into the face of the man he had robbed, and knew that his story was told. He hesitated, but the other's glance was compelling, and in answer to it he got into the train and took his place in Ralph Denver's stateroom.

The journey to New Haven and back is not a long one, but there is time in it for a pitiful tale of weakness and temptation and a too late repentance to be told; there is time in it for forgiveness to be sought and not denied. It was early morning when these two strange traveling companions arrived again in New York. Ralph Denvers put his hand on the shoulder of the younger man.

"Go home," he said. "Remember that a sister waits for you, and that you are to come to the bank as if nothing had happened."

He drove home himself in the keen morning air, and almost for the first time in his thirty-three years of life he realized how pleasant it is to be a rich man. There was a big check drawn on his account that morning and the firm of Brandon & Denvers never knew how it had been swindled to the extent of nearly $25,000.

It was shortly after this that hostesses began to complain that Ralph Denvers was never available for even the most attractive of their parties. And it was nearly a year later when one morning there was a quiet wedding in a little church round the corner—a wedding to which the world was not invited, a wedding at which only three happy young people were present.

They left Dick standing on the steps of the church, and as they drove to the station Ralph slipped his arm round his wife's shoulders and dropped something into her lap.

"My first present to you," he said. "I have given you nothing yet."

Aline Denvers took the little string of yellow pearls in her fingers.

"Oh, Ralph," she said, "and once I was silly enough to think——"

He stooped and kissed her.

"They are the most wonderful pearls in the world," he told her. "They have brought happiness for three people."—New York News.

No Profit on Dressed Beef.

This is the way the packer proceeds to demonstrate that the sale of dressed beef has yielded him no profit since the first of last April. The present average price of a 1200-pound "prime, corn-fed beef steer" is $7.50 per 100 pounds, that is, $90 for the animal as it stands in the Chicago stockyards. Adding to this the cost of slaughtering, which is $1.50, the carcass ready for dressing, has necessitated an outlay of $91.50. Practice has shown that such an animal will "dress" about fifty-six per cent. of its live weight, that is, 672 pounds. Upon the other forty-four per cent., which is hide, horns, hoofs, blood, surplus fat, trimmings, and offal, the packer realizes, on an average, $14.75. So the two "sides" of the steer, as they hang in the packing-house refrigerator, have cost $76.75. The moment the packer moves the 672 pounds of dressed meat his expenditures begin anew. Sending the carcass to New York, for instance, costs $7.05, which is the aggregate of freight at 40 cents per 100 pounds, and of refrigeration during the journey and selling charges at 50 cents per 100 pounds. So, when the time comes for the retailer to negotiate for the meat, it has cost the packer $83.80, or 12.3 cents per pound. Since April 1 the highest wholesale price for dressed beef in New York has been 11.5 cents, or eight-tenths of a cent less than the cost of production. Pursuing this arithmetical process with an average steer, of 1100 pounds at $7.10 the hundredweight, the usual price, it will be found that the dressed carcass on sale in New York represents an expenditure on the part of the packer of 11.4 cents per pound, nearly one cent a pound more than he can obtain for it.—From "The So-Called Beef Trust," in the Century.

Postal Card Deluge.

Scarcely any one ascends Mont Blanc now without taking a package of postal cards with him, and the first thing he does after he has admired the scenery for a few minutes is to write on each card a few words expressing his admiration. Then he addresses the cards to friends and, if he has more cards than friends, he addresses some to strangers.

Moreover, if his circle of acquaintances is not large he writes his own name and address on several cards. He then mails all the cards and considers that one of his chief duties as a tourist has been done.

That friends and even strangers will value the cards sent by him he is certain, since they were written on Mont Blanc, and he is sure that he will be highly pleased to find on his return home the cards which he has addressed to himself.

Thousands of such postal cards, it is said, are mailed daily, and as a result the postal clerks are not in the best humor, and are longing for the time when Mont Blanc will put on its winter raiment and tourists will be obliged to stay at home.

They Do a Thriving Business.

There are probably no mercantile establishments in existence that cater to the wants of a more varied line of customers than do the candy stands at the Brooklyn Bridge entrances. "I begin business at 3 o'clock," said the keeper of one of these stands the other day, "and I close up after the rush is over. In those four hours I sell 2000 one-cent pieces of candy, or 500 an hour, exclusive of more expensive kinds of candy, and those which are bought in larger quantities. People generally suppose that small boys and girls, and the parents of small boys and girls are the buyers of penny candies. That is a mistaken idea. Men of all grades of society buy these little sticks and squares simply and solely because they want to eat them. The only reason everybody doesn't know this is because it takes such a short time to eat a penny candy that the process is over before a man gets fifty feet away from the stand, and people down in the street don't get a chance to see him."—New York Post.

Who Wouldn't Be a Fool.

The man who wouldn't be a fool over the right woman doesn't deserve to have the right woman be a fool over him.—New York Press.

A FICKLE WORLD.

He was the hero of the hour;
And he was strictly "in it."
He seemed—so quickly fled his power—
The hero of a minute.
He gently mourns his present lot;
The hear him softly say,
"The pet of yesterday is not
The darling of to-day."

The books that pleased our fathers so,
We view them with disdain;
The songs we sang some time ago,
We scorn to sing again;
And smiles and sighs alike forgot,
Time's hand has swept away;
The pet of yesterday is not
The darling of to-day.

"How much did your daughter's wedding cost?" "Oh, about five thousand a year."—Life.

Bobby—"Say, pa! What's barbarism? When a barber cuts your hair?" Pa—"Yes; very often, my son."—Princeton Tiger.

"That photographer's wife is very jealous of him." "No wonder. Just see how many other women he flatters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Customer—"You said this suit would wear like iron." Clothier—"Well, didn't it?" Customer—"Too much so. It's getting rusty already."—Judge.

Life's full of strange surprises;
Thus sometimes it's decreed
The flower of a family
Turns out to be a weed.
—Philadelphia Record.

"I never saw anybody so daffy about the men as Fannie is. I think she must have wheels in her head!" "Oh, no not wheels; only the fellows."—Comfort.

Penn—"I don't see how you can call Van Meter a genius. His poems certainly do not show it." Brushe—"No; but the fact that he sells them does."—Judge.

Bank Director—"How did you come to examine his books?"—His Associate—"I heard him address his Sunday-school class on 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"—Puck.

Mrs. Justwed (house hunting)—"Oh, Charlie, here's the loveliest little linen closet." Janitor (interrupting)—"Dat ain't no linen closet; dat's de dining room."—Detroit Free Press.

"I," says the garrulous person, "was always the apple of my father's eye." "Maybe," muses the weary listener, "maybe that is why you are always so seedy."—Baltimore American.

"H'm! The composer of this song was conceited enough, I must say." "What makes you think so?" "Why, here in one place he has written 'Fine.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Mother—"May, why do you treat Jerrold so shabbily, while he treats you so good?" May—"Why, the dear boy couldn't treat me any better, no matter how I treated him."—Judge

This life is a procession
Where many folk appear;
And some must march and do the work
While others stand and cheer.
—Washington Star.

Patient (after giving the doctor $3 and receiving a prescription)—"But suppose, doctor, this doesn't cure me?" Doctor—"In that case, come back and I'll relieve you again."—Detroit Free Press.

First Tramp—"Do you believe in signs?" Second Tramp—"No more; I haven't had a bite to eat in twenty-four hours." First Tramp—"What has that to do with it?" Second Tramp—"A good deal; I've been up against twenty doormats to-day with the word 'Welcome' on 'em."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Wabash—"Yes, I'm stopping at the Bongtong House." Miss Eastern—"Ah! that's our most fashionable hotel. The service is splendid, don't you think?" Mr. Wabash—"Well, I've seen better in Chicago. All the swell hotels out our way furnish silver-mounted bellows to blow your soup with, for instance."—Philadelphia Record.

The Queerest Lawsuit on Record.

Perhaps the most remarkable suit ever brought is on the records of the Court of the Exchequer in England. It was filed on October 3, 1725, and it sets forth very clearly that John Everit and Joseph Williams were highway robbers.

In the succinct legal phrases the complaint says that the men formed a partnership for the purposes of carrying on business as highwaymen. It was mightly profitable, as was shown by the fact that Everit sued Williams for the equivalent of $5000, "being for moneys wrongfully appropriated to defendant's private purse."

This was the amount in dispute after the partnership had lasted only a year. Then Everit claimed that he had discovered that his partner had not made a fair division of the spoils.

The action was adjudged to be a gross contempt of Court, and the plaintiff was ordered to pay all costs, while the solicitors who served the writ were fined £50 each. One of the solicitors, a man named Wreathcock, refused to pay the fine and was sent to prison for six months. Both plaintiff and defendant to this action were subsequently hanged—one at Tyburn and the other at Maidstone.

Story the Wedding Ring Tells.

"That wedding ring, almost half an inch wide, tells its story," says the Newark News. "It is nearly ten years since those wide wedding rings were used among fashionable people. They went out of style long ago. In their place they now use narrow little bands, and so when you see a fashionable-looking woman with a broad ring you can bet all you have that she isn't a recent bride by a good many years."